

Title: Tattered Journal

Author: Khembryll Chavois

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A small leatherbound  
journal covered in a  
myriad of stains and  
marks, it has a musty  
aroma to it.

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Subjects

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We hath taken stock of  
one more shipment  
o'prisoners from t' village  
of Lakeshire. Damned  
Orcs art good for little,  
but alas we need them  
for now!

T'would be of little good  
for the villagers to see  
who'rt behind their strife,  
methinks...

Fools, all and one.  
None shall cast me aside  
as a madman, or a  
"danger" ... nay, they shall  
learn! They shall learn.

Incompetence!

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That insufferable fool of  
an apprentice broke one  
of my flasks today! He  
claimed he slipped 'pon  
the floor ... Methinks he  
is trying to ruin my  
work ... He was always  
craftier than he e'er let  
on.

I shalt watch him like the  
hawk - if he doth such  
ag'in, he life wilt be  
forfeit to me in payment.

Mayhaps he shalt die on  
the trek to the Gargolye  
City to purchase another  
... small mercies indeed.

\*an old brown stain  
marks the parchment  
here\*

By the Guardian!

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T'is working - I can feel  
it! Those wretches from  
the City of Trees are  
showin' the signs! T'were  
that they were dead by  
now, but no.

The men seem to be the  
first to show the  
symptoms; hacking coughs,  
sweating and headaches.

Could it be that I hath  
stumbled o'er the key  
t'success by accident?  
Oh, what irony if t'were  
such!

\*from what you can  
make out, the author  
has drawn an image of  
one of his victims\*

Meeting:

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I met with the Dark  
Stranger ag'in this very  
morning ... Chills my  
bones, no man should be  
able to look into anothers  
soul as he does...  
But! Journal, he art  
most pleased with my  
progress, indeed! He  
agreed that the symptoms  
the subjects art showing  
match the ones he  
remembers ... My payment  
... Oh my payment!  
How wealthy a man I  
shalt be, how unconcerned  
by the peasants how rush  
around my feet - t'is  
what I deserve!

\*a thumbprint smudges  
the ink\*

The villagers had the guile

to follow the Orcs! My laboratory was made known to them, and now I flee for my life! I hath nothing but my journal and one vial of the plague, I must be careful now. So careful.

I shalt head West, try to seek refuge in the swamplands of Nox Tereg.

T'is two days journey along the Prin River to the bridges of Mistas...

I shall write when I can afford to rest. I flee for my life.

Mistas:

I am camped by the southern most bridge, I place my would-be attackers at a day behind me ... I hath been most careful, no tracks. Travel at night, and avoid the roads. I shalt try to catch some fish, I haven't eaten since leaving my laboratory.

Damn those FOOLS!

Midnight:

Blast! I am wounded by some unseen arrow! T'were my attackers, I know! They dare wound ME!?

Nearing Honesty ... bleeding badly, they must hath used a venomous arrow...

Weakness:

I shall last no longer, my time is finished here ... I hath failed the Stranger, and myself.

\*blood stains the page\*

I shalt hide mine satchel  
and this book in the  
hollow of this tree ...  
pray the someone of my  
ilk finds it ... perhaps my  
apprentice...

So...cold now...

Voices? Real? I know  
not... Mages! Words of  
power! Cold ... cold ...  
cold.

\*the journal ends here,  
though you notice that  
several pages have been  
ripped out\*